To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her Mistris.
Por. Is this true, *Nerrissa*?
Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.
Bass. And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. Wee'l play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats
Ner. What, and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.
But who comes heere, *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
What, and my olde venetian friend, *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.

Bass *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
Sweete *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your Honour, for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did entreate me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did not Lord,
And I haue reason for it. Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

He opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheere yon stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?

How